





## Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:  
**SAMUEL J. TILDEN,**  
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:  
**THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,**  
OF INDIANA.

SOMEbody or nobody, writing from somewhere or nowhere, to the *Courier-Journal*, made a violent assault upon the Hon. M. J. Durham. Now, we had not intended, in advance of a nomination, to take sides for or against any aspirant in our party, and our readers will bear us witness that we have abstained from doing so. But when one of the most prominent aspirants for the honor is assailed from a masked battery, in advance of the Convention, and in a manner to give aid and comfort to the wily enemy, we feel in duty bound to resent it, and denounce the attack as a direct thrust at our party over Judge Durham's shoulders. The tone and temper of the whole anonymous letter are calculated to injure our prospects of success in the race, it matters not who may be our standard bearer. The writer certainly has a personal spite against Mr. Durham, else he would not have gone to the expense of twenty-five or thirty dollars in order to see his spiteful communication in print. The sly bid made by the unknown disaffected individual, for popular applause and approval, by singling out and naming at least one man in each county of the district, for Congress, any one of whom, according to the writer, would make a better representative than Mr. Durham; will not find such a bait grabbed at by the voracity of a Jack-fish. Its transparency is visible to a blind man even. We have nothing to say against Mr. Hardin in this connection, or any of the half dozen gentlemen named in the communication aforesaid, but we do say that such thrusts as it gave are not calculated to injure Mr. Durham half so much as they tend to injure the Democratic party in this the 8th district. Such talk as that might be endured in a party convention, within our own Democratic household, but to lay it before the world is but to give the enemy a club with which they may cudgel us to their hearts content and aid in battering down our strongholds.

A FOREIGNER who reads the letters of acceptance, written by Hayes and Wheeler, would, of course, conclude that the South is in a shameful and almost illiterate condition. They are told to believe that the negro race there is a fair sample of the intelligence of that whole section. The vassals and serfs of Europe are in a better condition than a majority of the Southerners, according to the views of the two aspirants for presidential honors on the Radical ticket. They would have the world believe that all the wisdom, intelligence and patriotism of this country centers in the North. Why send missionaries to China, Japan, Africa, and India, if we have so many Godless heathens within two days ride of the North by rail or river in our own country? Hayes and Wheeler have never been through the South. They formed their opinions from reading the letters of carpet-baggers and scallwags, and not from a reliable and intelligent source. It is not true that whole counties in Louisiana and other Southern States are without a single school house, as Wheeler says in his letter. The reading public who take their cue from some other quarter than Radical letter writers, will not be deceived by such stuff.

THE "man-and-brother"-party assert that the colored race is abundantly able to take care of itself. Let such logicians go down to poor old South Carolina and witness the scenes there presented on all hands, and then come back and tell us how that race is flourishing. Under negro rule it is the worst governed State in the Union. Debt loads them down, and there is little hope of escape from its grasp. Give that great cotton and rice-growing State a Democratic government, under white men, and it would soon rise from the ashes.

THE Radicals having been trying to steal our Democratic thunder. As soon as our Uncle Samuel sounded the key note of Reform, the Reds took it up and are even trying to "out Herod Herod." If they thought our cry for Reform was only a "delusive yell," why was it that they took it up so soon and so promptly? They well know that the people of this country have set their hearts on Reform, and, knowing that, they greedily grab at the word and try to assume to themselves all that the word means. "Too late, too late, has come your cry."

THE illustrious old ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is going back to her old haunts at Madrid, and it will not be long before Alfonso, her son, the King, will have to abdicate and flee over the Pyrenees to France, in order to escape imprisonment or death at the hands of his enraged countrymen.

**SOMETHING NEW.**—It is not half done yet. We mean this old, old world of ours, with its sixty centuries. Nor can we begin to look for the end when Time shall be no more, until wonders cease. When the steamboat first floated upon the water, people began to think—surely this is the climax, and the end is near. Then not long afterward came the telegraph and people, by its use, talked around the world in a twinkling. But the end was not yet found. We have now still another wonder. A man has invented an attachment to electric wires by which musical sounds are transmitted, and a piano played in New York can be heard in New Orleans. More than that, by a strange device, the sound of the human voice can be transmitted over a 1,000 miles on the wires, and two persons can converse with each other audibly that distance apart. If, therefore, in the mere "infancy" of the invention, such results have been accomplished, might we not, as the Boston *Traveler* suggests, expect in due course of time, to so perfect the wondrous machine as to enable an orator in London to address an audience there and at the same time be heard by an audience in Boston? or, might not Wagner with his music performed in Paris, France, delight at the same time a fashionable throng in New York? Verily. The only drawback would be the absence of the speaker or the performer from this side of the water, but then we could close our eyes and draw upon the imagination for the balance. Truly, the end is not yet, and the powers of man's God-given mind have not been fully developed, if, indeed, there be a limit to it where development might lead to have ceased, or reached its culminating point.

UNLESS there is another and a better extradition treaty between our country and England, the forger, robber, or other criminal need have no fear to offend against the laws, provided he can feel assured of his escape to that safe asylum, England. Winslow and Brent glory in the beauty and liberality of the present treaty between the two countries. Lord Derby and our present minister are now working away at a new treaty, but it may prove to be even more "liberal" than the first.

A GREAT deal has been said by Republicans about Proctor Knott's withholding the famous Caldwell dispatch, and he has been roundly abused for it. They will now have the report of the whole committee, including Mr. Frye and Mr. Lawrence, Republicans, which fully exonerates Mr. Knott, and they say he did precisely right in holding it back until he could ascertain whether or not it was genuine. Thus explodes another Radical bubble, and its contents float out into this air.

SOME papers assert that Grant has softening of the brain, and is likely to become totally insane, and give as their reason for this belief, that he is turning out all of the honest officeholders and putting in incompetent men. Grant is not insane, nor is he at all likely to become so. The only reason for his conduct is, that he will retain no man in office of whom he cannot make a tool and pimp, and his policy is to rule or ruin.

A NEW law was passed by Congress lately, which prohibits the sending of lottery circulars, letters, etc., through the mails, or any other matter which might induce the people to part with their money on an uncertainty. The law is a good one, and many persons will be saved from the wiles of the gambling swindlers of the North, where all the "God and Humanity" people are supposed, by Hayes and Wheeler, to live.

FOUR newspapers which heretofore supported the Republican ticket, have come out boldly and squarely for Tilden and Hendricks. Such a revolution in politics has rarely been known in the history of our country. There is a grand "ground swell" moving on, and we hope the end will not be reached until all will be able to see that the people are determined to have a radical change in the administration of our public affairs.

MR. EMMET G. LOGAN, formerly editor of the *Shelby Courier*, has become an attaché of the *Courier-Journal*, as we learn from the *Shelby Republican*. Mr. Logan's well known ability as a live newspaper man, will be the means of adding much to the interest of any paper with which he may become identified.

A MORE consistent, or truer Democratic county can not be found in the State than the county of Wolfe. Her people are ever alive to the best interests of the Democracy, and, although a mountain county, her citizens are always posted and know how to vote on all the great questions of the day.

UNITED STATES Senator Allen T. Caperton, of West Virginia, died suddenly, last Wednesday. Mr. Caperton was at one time a member of the Confederate Senate during the war, and displayed considerable talent.

A MAN by the name of Green B. Baum, of Illinois, has been nominated by Grant, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in place of the valued Commissioner Pratt, who was removed by the President.

## GENERAL NEWS.

CARL SCHURZ wrote Hayes' letter of acceptance, it is said.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the memory of the late General G. A. Custer.

A GEORGIA negro paid \$9 to take the homestead law to keep from paying a debt of \$2.

A VERY destructive storm passed over Richmond, Va., recently, killing several persons and destroying many houses.

FALLING IN.—Four-fifths of the German voters of Cleveland, Ohio, who voted for Grant, have joined the Tilden Club of that city.

FIFTEEN prominent Republicans in different States have taken on Democratic armor, and will help us bear our flag to victory in November.

NINE-TENTHS of the Irish, and three-fourths of the German vote in this country, will support Tilden and Hendricks. So the statistics show.

M. HOUSE, the notorious N. York divorce lawyer, whose advertisements have flooded the country press for several years past, was shot dead by his wife (?) at their country seat, near Trenton, June 30.

MOTHERS should be very careful about whipping children; they might suicide as a little fellow did in Montgomery, Alabama, who hung himself with a plow line because his mother gave him a thrashing.

WHEELER, the Republican nominee for Vice President, has written a short letter of acceptance, saying he was willing to enter the race and share the defeat with his head man, Hayes. Misery loves company.

A CLOUD burst in California recently, and drowned thirteen Chinamen woodchoppers, and several other laborers. The cloud poured out a flood of water two feet deep, and swept the people away like straws.

GOV. McENERY is a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination by the Democracy in Louisiana. He was clearly and fairly elected once before, when the infamous Kellogg, the carpet bagger, was allowed to take the place.

THREE boys in Tennessee, were convicted of stealing several plow lines. One of them was sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years and the other two for six months each. Pretty severe, but the best way to break up rogues.

GRANT, not content with turning out of office who should be retained there, has also turned out the State prison men who should stay there. W. O. Avery, the crooked whisky rascal, is the latest one of his pets who has been set at liberty. In all probability we will soon hear that Grant has given Avery a fat office.

## STATE NEWS.

A LEXINGTON man was fined ten dollars for hitting a horse over the head with a plank.

EX-LIEUT. GOV. CARLISLE, of Kentucky, is a candidate for Congress in the Covington district.

Mrs. TEVIS' school, at Shelbyville, has been again placed on a firm footing, and will begin its 103rd session in September next.

THE Governor of Kentucky has offered a reward for the arrest of Sam Williams, who was released by the mob at Lancaster, and also a reward for the guilty mobbers.

LEXINGTON is trying to get street railroads. Now, if they will first build a decent Court-House, they might then hope to deserve such a convenience as a street railroad.

THE wheat crop in this county is one of the heaviest made for years. A gentleman coming into town on the Cadiz road, last Saturday, passed 80 wagons loaded with wheat within six miles of the city.—[Hopkinsville New Era.

It is stated as true, however hard to believe, and may be accepted as a fact, that the colored people, who will submit to the degradation and insult, are being sworn to support the Radical candidate for sheriff.—[Lexington Press.

OCTOBER, with biting frosts, is looked for now with more pleasure than before, because we are assured when the leaves begin to fall the baseball plagues will subside, and we will hear no more of their games until next season.

An infuriated mob hung a man named Lee, in Northern Kentucky, because he shot and killed the man Ellis, who had seduced his wife. This is the first instance on record, where a man has been mobbed for such an offense. Generally speaking, the slayer of a seducer is made a lion of.

MR. J. H. BROWN, a neighbor and particular friend of ours, related to us, some weeks since, a very strange peculiarity in his family, which is about this: Of the Brown family, some six or seven members of the male portion are dead; and all died near the same age, in the same month (September,) about the same day of the month, and the same day of the week. And now, whenever one of the survivors gets the least sick during the month of September, it renders him very uneasy.—[Mayfield Monitor.

## LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

THE famous horse Vagrant, won the Exposition Stake at Philadelphia this month.

J. B. OWENS has an Alderly Bull which he will "farm out" at \$5 per cow, and allow the farmer to breed to him until his cow has a calf. His animal is thoroughbred, and this breed is known as the best milk and butter stock in the world. The animal is convenient to town.

To show the quality of the present wheat crop in this country, we would say that a gentleman got from three bushels of wheat at Rout's Mill this week, 125 pounds of fine flour, besides shorts, second rate flour, and bran. This is nearly forty-three pounds of extra flour to the bushel. Who can beat it?

ON a meadow near town, in area something over 70 acres, there are nearly one hundred large stacks of hay. One of our farmers between town and Walnut Flat, has 20 stacks of hay, each of which he says contains not less than 2,500 pounds, which he will sell for \$10 each. Surely provender is cheap enough at that rate—and stock will thrive when winter comes.

THIRTEEN different sales of thoroughbred horse stock on the North side of the Kentucky River during the past few weeks, aggregated 555 head, at an average price of \$279—and netted \$154,850. The highest price obtained was for the horse Ed Wilder, \$18,000, purchased by Mr. S. G. Lardmore, of Newark, Ohio. An offer of \$15,000 for the trotter "John H." was refused.

MEADOW land will, on an average, produce hay yearly of the value of \$12 per acre. It will cost perhaps, \$4 per acre to raise and harvest it, which leaves \$8 per acre, clear profit, and the land unimproved. What better interest on the investment could a farmer hope for or desire, even on land for which he paid \$50 per acre? Sixteen per cent is a pretty fair interest.

THE OUTLOOK.—Wheat has declined to 75 cents per bushel. Wearers & McAllister have purchased several thousand bushels up to this date, and are still buying all that is offered to them, and pay cash at the counter. This ought to make times lighten up considerably in our county. At Shelby City, Hall's Gap, and Crab Orchard depots, others are shipping equal quantities, and we presume that our supplies will be shown at the end of the buying season, September 1st, to exceed 100,000 bushels, at an aggregate sum of \$30,000. With a corn and hay crop equal in yield, what is to keep up hard times? Truly the industrious husbandman has nothing of which to complain. Our surplus products in Lincoln county alone, will have brought a cash return to them of not less than a quarter of a million dollars by the first of December. Other counties immediately adjoining us, Garrard, Boyle, and Casey, will have large surplus crops and stocks, and, these combined, ought to throw into circulation in our vicinity nearly three quarters of a million of dollars. The outlook is hopeful.

## FULTON COUNTY NEWS.

## Somerset.

FROM a gentleman, who was present at the Wayne County Court, on Monday, we learn that delegates, appointed to the District Convention, were instructed to cast the vote of the county for Judge Durham. It was understood that Col. Hill had considerable strength in this county, but the news having been received that he had withdrawn from the contest, the vote that he would have otherwise gotten was transferred to Judge Durham, he being the most popular candidate. This is equivalent to the nomination of Judge Durham, as already enough votes have been instructed to secure that result.

WILLIE, a son of Mr. James Carson, residing between here and Cuba, while engaged in loading a wagon with timber, strained himself to such an extent that he suffered an abrasion of an intestine. He now lies in a critical condition, with but little chance of recovery.

THE Somerset Base Ball Club requests us to say to your Stanford Club, and all other Clubs on this terrestrial sphere, that they are open to receive challenges, and that any communication addressed to Owens, of the *Reporter*, will receive prompt attention, and an early response. Now if your blue grass chaps want to get the worst beating they ever heard of, let them come and our mountain rate will do it for them.

A SON of Mr. Lay is now on trial for shooting a mule, belonging to Mr. Camden. It is likely that the defense will show that a sufficient fence and repeated requests to keep the aforesaid mule off the premises were reasons enough for this summary action.

ON examination of the charter for the town of Somerset, the Trustees found that they had no right to require a tax of more than \$500 per annum of retail whisky sellers. The license has, therefore, been reduced from one thousand dollars to that amount, and the bar-keepers are happy.

ONE, Congrove, a blacksmith, employed on section 94, assuming the powers and dignity of, and representing himself as Marshal Wyatt, took possession of the stock of whisky, belonging to a man living below the Point, and appropriated it to his own use. The owner of the whisky, on finding out the imposition, had the said assumed Marshal arrested, and will, no doubt, prosecute him to the extent of the law.

IT now turns out that "Rev." L. D. Parker had lost his mind previous to his Western tour with that tender young dame. It does seem that a man with brains, anywhere near balanced, would hardly have acted so foolishly as he has, but, then, it is a telling.

PREACHER PEEBLES is at work on his new church, near Gover's, this week. We saw him there with coat off and apparently ready for business, but a brother suggested, he had a good deal more work with his tongue than with his hands. He deserves great credit, however, for working the people up to the point he has; and the handsome new church will be a monument to his memory.

## PRIVATE SCHOOL.

## J. B. MYERS,

Will teach a limited number of Pupils in Stanford, beginning the

2nd. Monday, in September.

He wants only those who are in favor of Hard Work and High Scholarship.

## CANDIDATES.

We are authorized to announce CHARLES A. HARDIN, of Harrodsburg, a Candidate for Congress in the 8th District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

## AUCTIONEERS.

H. T. BUSH,

GENERAL AUCTIONEER,

STANFORD, KY.

Will attend sales in Lincoln and adjoining counties. His charges are moderate.

J. M. HIGGINS,

AUCTIONEER & REAL ESTATE AGT.,

Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

Will attend all public sales, and charge reasonable prices.

DYE HOUSE

Established 1847. Dyes, cleans, and restores all kinds of colored and dyed goods, and all kinds of new goods.

Wm. B. YEADALE,

302 Walnut Street, CINCINNATI.

J. M. KIRKLEY & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FLOUR, BULK MEATS, LARD, GRAIN, &c.

No. 31 Vine Street, CINCINNATI.

FOR RENT.

A pasture containing

25 ACRES OF GOOD BLUE GRASS!

within 1/2 mile of Town, on the Lancaster Pike.

Apply to W. P. WALTON—This Office.

P. F. WALSH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

70 Fourth Street, bet. Main and Market.

LOUISVILLE. . . . . KENTUCKY

My pantoon system as a specialty is an acknowledged success, being original and suited to the wants of every customer.

NORTHERN LAKE ICE!

I will deliver

NORTHERN LAKE ICE

Every morning during the season to the citizens of Stanford, at

2 1-2 CENTS PER POUND.

Accounts due at the close of each month—and prompt settlement required.

228—17 ROBERT E. BARROW.

BEATTY'S Piano and Parlor Organ Instructor.

Containing the elements of music, with easy and progressive exercises to perfect the player in the art of music, (either Piano or Organ) to which is added over sixty Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, Gigue, Operatic Melodies, Dances, etc., by DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J., one of the best work of his kind ever introduced, should be in the hands of every Piano and Organ player. Sent post paid by mail for the United States or Canada for only seventy-five cents. Address,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

NOTICE.

BATES' BAKERY!

Citizens of Stanford and vicinity are notified that I have taken sole charge of the Bruce House Bakery, and am prepared to furnish

FRESH BREAD, CAKES, ETC.,

At all hours, at wholesale and retail, and at

Reasonable Prices.

229—17 J. T. BATES.

NOTICE.

J. H. STAGG,

having purchased of Mr. E. A. Terhune, his

Entire Undertaking Stock,

—HIS SON,—

Thomas Stagg,

will conduct the business, at the old stand, on Depot Street, in Stanford, Ky., and act as his Agent in all matters pertaining thereto. The public patronage is solicited. It will be to the interest of all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

HE CAN'T BE UNDERSOLD

BEATTY'S Celebrated Golden Tongue

PARLOR ORGANS.

From Wm. Pool, Niagara, N. Y.

"Several months use of the elegant Parlor Organ you sent me, induces me that it is one of the best made. It has a rich tone; its various tones are most pleasant. I most heartily recommend your organs for parlor, church, or other use."

Messrs. Geo. P. Howell & Co., (N. Y.) Newspaper Reporter, says:

"Daniel F. Beatty, the organ builder, of Washington, N. J., presses forward with great vigor."

Mr. A. E. Benedict, editor of the Great Bend Reporter, after receiving his organ, writes:

"Your five octave Parlor Organ came safely. Several musicians have tested it and pronounced it A. No. 1. It is rightly named the 'Golden Tongue.'"

Best offer given. Money refunded upon return of organ, and freight charges paid by me (Daniel F. Beatty) both ways, if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days. Organs warranted for five years. Send for extended list of testimonials before buying a parlor organ.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Stanford Male Seminary.

The next session of this well-known school will commence

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 4, 1876.

The Board of Trustees hereby announce to the Public that they have secured the services of

PROF. J. LOTON BARNES,

who is widely known in Central and Southern Kentucky as a

SUCCESSFUL EDUCATOR.

Let the Patrons of the Seminary and friends of a sound education, rally to the support of their school, that Stanford may have a first-class Male, as well as Female Academy.

For the Terms, &c., of the School, see Circulars.

JOHN H. CRAIG,

MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FANCY &amp; STAPLE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS

AND MILLINERY GOODS.

Miss Lucy Butterfield returns her grateful acknowledgements to her friends and customers for the very large and liberal patronage extended to her during the Spring and Summer Trade, at the Millinery Establishment of John H. Craig, and hereby notifies them that after a visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, she will purchase a Large and Elegant Stock of Fashionable Fall and Winter Millinery in Baltimore and New York City and have a Grand opening here about September, 1st.

TERMS CASH.

Pay Cash for Goods, and save the Large Profits that you must pay, when buying on time, in order to

COVER INTEREST AND BAD DEBTS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

N. B. TEVIS

is now receiving the

LARGEST AND MOST

COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET—CONSISTING OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &amp;c.,

Hosiery, Supenders, Gloves, Underwear, Scarfs,

Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Linen and Paper Collars, &amp;c.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes,

Gum Shoes, Gum Overcoats, Umbrellas,

Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &amp;c. &amp;c.

Ladies' and Gent's Box-toed Boots and Shoes,

Suits to Fit the Largest Man or Smallest Boy

ALL GOODS DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS.

AND WILL BE SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.

N. B. Tevis' "Cash Clothing House,"

NORTH SIDE MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.







A SUCCESSFUL FLOPPING.

Old Boggles was a brute. I repeated it—an unmitigated brute. Boggles was a wealthy dry-salter in Lime street square, and his residence was in Westbourne terrace. He was a widower, with two children, viz: Jack, aged 23; and Clementina, a bright-haired, light hearted, thoughtless little beauty of 18, and one of the most lovable of the sex I had ever seen. Jack Boggles and I were chums at Eaton, and when we left school he joined his father in the dry-salting line, and I turned to the bar. My acquaintance with Jack caused me to be a frequent visitor at Westbourne terrace, and an attachment soon sprang up between myself and Clementina. But Mamma was the god of Boggles, senior—he began the world as a shoe-black, and I don't believe the old Pagan could rise his own name; and although he had no objection to me as a companion for his son, he aimed at something better for his daughter than a poor law student of my limited means. Besides, there was a middle-aged, coarse-featured, pimply-faced, vulgar soap-boiler in the way, named Tadgey, and Jack told me in confidence that he was as rich as Croesus, and he thought the governor had an eye on him for Clem. As for the dear girl, to her credit be it recorded, she positively detested the monster. One evening I was leaving the house as usual, when Boggles followed me down stairs and said in a peculiar manner:

"Hum! Mr. Vavasour, I should like to have a few words with you in the library, if you please."

Of course I assented, and followed him into the room. He pointed to a chair, gave a short, hard cough, and began:

"Mr. Vavasour, I am a man of the world, and although you are many years my junior, I imagine you will be the same. Now, sir, I do not wish for one moment, to hurt your feelings, but I am a plain man—and so he was 'ugly' would have been a better word—and mean to speak plainly. I have lately noticed, with any thing but satisfaction, that there is too great an amount of familiarity between yourself and Miss Boggles, and a father's eye cannot be blind to the fact that your attentions are any thing but obnoxious to her; therefore, I feel it my duty at once to inform you that my daughter never can, by any possibility whatever, become your wife. That being the case, I must request you to put an end to all this boy and girl nonsense for the future. I shall take an early opportunity of speaking to my daughter on the subject, and in the meantime, I think it will be as well for you to discontinue your visits at this house—at all events, until she is settled in life, when I shall again be happy to see you here as my son's friend and my guest."

The hard hearted old villain held out his hand as he concluded, and then added:

"Remember, we are at all times on the best of terms."

"The best of terms!" what a mockery! for at that moment I could with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, have assassinated old Boggles. I scarcely know what answer I returned; but I took the proffered hand, muttered a few words in a reply, and hurried from the house.

In a few days I discovered that matters were not so thoroughly hopeless after all. True, I was forbidden the house, but there was a traitor in the camp; and through the agency of Jack, a correspondence was carried on between myself and Clementina, of which old Boggles was perfectly ignorant; and little did that unsuspecting parent know that I and my darling Clem had many cozy afternoons together in Kensington Gardens; for whenever Jack escorted his sister for a walk, I always knew where to meet them; and Jack, believing in the old adage, used to retire to a respectful distance and enjoy a cigar while we two were love making. Still, that sort of thing could not last forever; and knowing that her father was unlikely to alter his mind, we agreed to elope the first opportunity.

"Now's your time, old fellow!" said Jack, bursting into my chamber one morning when I was breakfasting. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken in the flood—hum! Shakespeare. You know the rest."

"Just so, Jack; but what do you mean?"

"Mean! Listen to this, Charlie, and let's hear what you think of my scheme."

And patting me on the back, he continued:

"The old duchess next door to us—you know who I mean, Mrs. Cooperly Tubbs, is to get up a picnic in Richmond Park the day after to-morrow. Clem and I are invited; and the old lady asked me to take down all the fellows I can; and, therefore, I mean you to be one of the party. Don't interrupt me if you please. (Seeing me about to speak.) Clem goes in the carriage with the Tubbs lot, and I'll call her for you. Now you've told me over and over again, you want to run away with my sister. What's to hinder you from doing so, then? Make your pre-

parations; have a trap waiting; and, before we are mis ed, we shall be half way to Dover. I say 'we,' because I'm going with you. By the by, dad and the soap-boiler are to join us in the evening; so we must make ourselves scarce before they arrive. What do you think of my plan?"

"Capital! you're a noble fellow, and it's a pity such a genius as yours should be devoted to dry-salting. You'd have made a splendid diplomatist."

"There, that'll do; no soft soap if you please."

"Do you think your sister will give her consent?"

"Oh, Clem'll do any thing to annoy that wretch of a soap-boiler; besides she's head over ears in love with you. But come, my time's precious; take a pen, write to her, and I'll be the post-man."

Here Jack filled his meerschaum, helped himself to bottled beer, took up the "Pickwick Papers," and began to smoke like a small furnace, while I sat down and wrote as follows:

"My own adored Clementina—Jack has just proposed an excellent plan for us to carry out our project at Mrs. Tubbs' picnic on Wednesday. He will tell you what it is. I know, dear, that it is not exactly right to run away without your papa's consent, but when a parent insists upon breaking the heart of his only daughter by uniting her to a soap-boiler—a being whose sole thoughts may be summed up in two words—"yellow" and "mottled," a red-faced, repulsive, unmanly, ungrammatical individual, without an atom of poetry or sentiment in his composition, without consulting her feelings in the matter, the only course left to us is to do without it. Oh! Clementina, although only two days it seems as age since I have seen you. As Romeo says:

"'Tis but a pair of eyes, would I were a fly, on gaudy wings I'd fly to you, and gaze, and gaze till I were out of sight."

"I have had a special license and a wedding ring wrapped up in a whitey-brown paper, in my left breast coat pocket, for the last seven weeks. Excuse these blots; they are not tears, but ink. I'm too joyful for tears; you can form no idea of the agitation I am in at this moment. My hand trembles so violently that I have just upset the ink bottle over the table and spoiled a brief, and my white waistcoat is spotted with the abominable compound. Jack insists that it is drink; believe me, darling, it's nothing but exhilaration. What are white waistcoats and briefs to you? Oh, Clementina, at this moment Jack seems to me to be our good genius; he is a brother you may well be proud of. I just now left off to grasp his hand and thank him for his kindness, and he replied—"Finish your letter, you donkey." Still he is growing impatient, and throwing things at my head; so I must bring this note to a conclusion. Leave all to me and fear not the result. Adieu! my adorable one! Adieu! adieu! Your own fondly affectionate and eternally faithful CHARLIE."

"Have you really finished," said Jack, as I folded the letter and gave it to him.

"Yes, my dear old boy! yes! and ten thousand thanks."

"Then I'm off at once. Mind! the day after to-morrow."

And shaking my hand warmly, he hurried away. Wednesday came in due course, Jack called for me and we ran down by train to Richmond, walked up the hill to the park, and soon discovered our party under a clump of trees by the White Lodge.

On seeing us Mrs. Cooperly Tubbs rose from her seat immediately, and received Jack in the most cordial manner.

"Oh, my dear John, I'm so glad you've come; pray introduce me to your friend."

Jack did the amiable.

"Mr. Charles Vavasour, Mrs. Cooperly Tubbs."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Vavasour. Any friend of my dear John Boggles, is welcome here."

It was currently reported that Mrs. Tubbs had sistered down upon Jack for one of her three daughters, dreadfully awkward, short, chubby-faced girls, in blue silk. I bowed, and was then introduced by Mrs. Tubbs to the rest of the party, who were all strangers to me. There was Mr. Swindleton Sharp—Jack said he was a director of a joint-stock company for extracting oil from bricks, or something of the kind—Sir Fussy Fitznozzle, K. B., an antiquated beau of Mrs. Tubbs, Mrs. Watlington Pyle, and her daughter, Miss Maggie Pyle, young Flimsey, firm of Flimsey, Kite, Flyer & Co., financiers and stock brokers, Copthall court, a great gun in his own estimation, and a perfect lack of advertisement; the Misses Jessica, Julietta and Jeannina Tubbs, and many others whose names have slipped from my memory; and last, although not least, there was the dear girl herself, looking prettier than ever in a most becoming costume of white and green.

"My sister, Mr. Charles Vavasour," said Jack.

I raised my hat, she inclined her head; and no one imagined that either of us had met before. Looking about me, and taking stock of my companions, I noticed that old Sir Fussy was exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Tubbs. By the by, the baronet was an illustration of the triumph of art over nature. False hair, false teeth, false complexion, false every thing; a mere living piece of mosaic, to be taken to pieces every night, and put together again every morning. And although not wishing to be cynical, I fancy that the lady was quite as much made up as the old gentleman.

"Don't be so very ridiculous, Sir Fussy; you really are the most odious man I ever knew," said Mrs. Tubbs, giving a sideways glance at the old boy at the same moment, that belied her words.

"Upon my honor, my dear madam, every word—it is indeed," returned the baronet, exhibiting his false teeth to advantage.

"Once when Tom Higginson and I were on the Ramchander Ghaute, one of those abominable Bengalees came up and said—"

"A glass of claret, if you please—"

"The Rajah Buztomjee Doolop Singh intends—"

"Purchasing fifty shares at five pounds premium—"

"Assassinating the whole of you—"

"Getting a few of his friends to rig the market."

"Did you ever know any thing so unpleasant, dear, as—"

"A hundred thousand black rascals at arms—"

"They came from Peter Robinson's dear—"

This may be taken as a sample of the conversation I heard, as every one was talking at once on different subjects. So the time slipped away, until Jack said quietly to me:

"Half-past 6 o'clock, Charlie, the enemy is nearly due. Time!"

My heart went pit-a-pat, for a moment as Jack lighted a cigar, and taking his sister's arm, strolled leisurely away. By this time most of the little knots of two and three, Mrs. Tubbs still being held captive by the baronet. Very coolly I followed Jack, and strolled alongside of Clementina, in the direction of Petersham, until Jack stopped suddenly, and looking about him, said:

"The coast's all clear; none of the party are in sight, now for a run."

I drew Clementina's arm in mine; Jack scudded away in front, and we quickened our pace proportionately. Down into the valley, and over the railing of Petersham Park, where we ran down the hill like children, afraid to stop for a moment, or look behind us, for fear we might be noticed and pursued. We quitted the Park by the south gate, crossed the road, and in the little inn yard, found the barouche I had ordered, waiting.

As I handed her into the carriage the dear girl said quite out of breath: "Ah, Charles! I'm so frightened, what will become of us, suppose we are pursued?"

"Courage my darling!" I replied, "and never fear for the result. We shall not be missed for an hour at least, and by that time we shall be out of danger."

Seven o'clock struck as we started for Victoria. It was my intention to proceed by the night's mail to Calais, and get married at the English church early next morning. We were only just in time to catch the mail train, and two hours later found us at Dover, where we embarked at once on the Breze.

"And now," said I, "thanks to your clever generalship, Jack, our troubles are all over. Clem, dearest, our flight has been very successful so far."

"Do you think we are quite safe even now?" she answered.

"Quite, my love; don't worry your pretty little head any longer. Why, I declare you look quite ill. You had better go and lie down a little while; I am sure you must need rest."

"Thank you Charles; I am almost worn out, but I shall be better presently. I'm a silly foolish little thing, I know, dear, but I cannot help thinking that we shall yet be followed."

I took her down into the saloon and returned to the dock just in time to see the signal light of the Southeastern train approaching rapidly down the Admiralty Pier. Nearer and nearer, it came, until it stopped immediately above us. Just behind us, with steam up ready to start, lay the Louise Marie, Belgian mail packet. The letter bags were on board, the last basket of the Continental Express had been shipped, and the last porter was quitting her deck, when, to our horror, we saw two figures, whose faces we immediately recognized, alight from a first-class carriage, and look about them anxiously. Luckily, Clementina was in the saloon. What was to be done? Not a moment was to be lost. Jack was equal to the emergency. Without saying a word to me, he jumped on to the landing stage, and thrusting a couple of sovereigns into the hand of one of the porters, said:

"You see those two gentlemen? Contrive by any means in your power to get them into the Belgian boat."

"There's nothing wrong?" said a barney, it was asked the man.

"Only a runaway match, you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir! I'll make it all right," was the reply.

I strained my eye to the utmost, as I saw him speak to old Boggles. It was a moment of terrible suspense, but a moment only; for, directly afterward, the three hurried away in the direction of the Louise Marie.

"Safe! all that's lucky!" said Jack, seizing me by the arm. "They are on board the wrong boat, and she's starting."

As he spoke, the paddles of the Belgian began to revolve, and almost immediately afterward she swayed slowly on our left. Just then I saw old Boggles and the soap-boiler come rushing like a couple of madmen, up the

saloon steps, and hurry aloft; they had discovered their error too late, and were fairly under way for Ostend. Jumping into one of the boats, and not knowing or caring what I did, I waived my handkerchief to attract their attention, and shouted, "Good night, Mr. Boggles! Tal tal Tadgey! Much obliged for the trouble you have taken. A pleasant journey to you both!"

Neither made any reply; but old Boggles shook his fist fiercely at me, and for the moment I almost fancied that he intended to jump into the water. There was no time for further parley, as the vessel steamed rapidly away.

We were married the next morning at the little Protestant church in Calais, and started at once for Brussels, where we took leave of Jack. After a fortnight's absence, Clem wrote home, asking forgiveness, and the old boy, finding that it was useless to hold out any longer, granted it.

But I must tell you how we were tracked. On the afternoon of the picnic, the dear, thoughtless girl actually left a letter I had written to her arranging the whole affair, on the dressing table in her room; this was found by the maid, who, to carry favour, handed it to Boggles on his return home. This unfortunate contretemps would—unless we had been favored by fortune, or assisted by Jack—have caused a decidedly unpleasant termination to our elopement.

A Mean Advantage.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a well-to-do man, and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society" when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and, as the ladies snatched their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oaths that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, swept the house, and made the beds, I'll donate this ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oaths that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'X' goes to the society!" said Johnson. "Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pair of stockings in this room that don't need darning, I will hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of the society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg you to withdraw, and let us proceed with our routine business."

John Callender at the Battle of Long Island.

Out of the many instances of the individual bravery which must have been preserved; but one, that has been, lights up the melancholy darkness of the scene with a peculiar brightness. At the battle of Bunker Hill, John Callender, a captain of artillery, had withdrawn from the battle, and had disobeyed Putnam's orders to return. The battle over, Putnam declared that if Callender was not cashed or shot, he would himself leave the service. A court-martial convicted him of cowardice and dismissed him "from all further service in the Continental army as an officer." Coward or not, he was brave enough to step down into the ranks he had commanded. The 27th of August found him on the heights overlooking Flatbush. His captain and lieutenant had fallen, his companions were beginning to retreat. Springing in front of them, he ordered them to return and man their pieces. For a time his courage nourished theirs; but at length he stood alone, charging a field-piece, while his comrades were swept away by a tremendous onset of the enemy. Courting death, he made no signal of surrender when the hostile bayonets were at his breast; but a brave officer interfered in his behalf, and was made a prisoner. Washington, hearing of his conduct, ordered the sentence against him to be erased and his command to be restored to him; and when, a year later, he was exchanged, he took his hand before the army, in token of his great respect and admiration. He left the service at the end of the war with an enviable reputation.—[John C. Chadwick, in Harper's Magazine for August.

The Soap Mines of California.

The rock soap mine is situated in the lower mountains or foothills of the coast range in Ventura county, five miles from the city of the same name. It was discovered by A. F. Hubbard while prospecting for coal. He accidentally deluged some that fell into the water and dissolved. It being a new experience to see rock dissolve, he gave it his attention, found it soapy, took it home to experiment with, and soon learned its virtues; yet, strange to tell, his family used it for nearly a year before it was given to the public, when Mr. Hubbard associated himself with Messrs Cronk & Bickford, forming the present company, who are sole proprietors of this wonderful mine. It is accessible only through a canon leading to and opening upon the beach. The coast line stage road passes the mouth of this canon, three miles below the mine. This canon or ravine penetrates one of the wildest possible volcanic regions. A little stream follows its course, an almost "lost cause" in summer, but in winter a raging, rushing torrent, which, after draining immense heights and many a rugged mountain side, finds its way to the ocean, often bearing along in its fearful strength huge boulders and entire trees. Along the side of this ravine, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes high up in its precipitous banks, winds a little trail leading to the soap mine, traveled only by the safe pack mule and hardy miner. At the southern extremity is an extensive deposit, veined, marbled, and particularly, resembling Castile soap. The ledge at its opening is fifteen to twenty feet wide, and crops out for 2,000 feet, to an unknown depth. The lode is well defined, with wall rocks of hard slate stone, and has, in common with the slate and sandstone strata about it, been thrown up from the depths and turned completely on edge. In its vicinity is a mountain of gypsum, also turned up on edge; indeed the whole country bears evidence of fearful convulsions, also of some time having lain peacefully at the bottom of the ocean; for on the highest mountain tops can be found nearly perfect sea-shells and various specimens of marine matter.—[San Ventura (Cal.) Reporter.

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Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, others, very few; but the LIVER, the great organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

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C. F. DILLAKE, C. V. HIGGINS, E. AMENITE, R. M. ADAMS, Awarding Committee.

The Howe, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson and Remington were the competitors for the above-named premium, and the Committee were unanimous in favor of the Remington.

Any person wishing to purchase a new Sewing Machine should not buy hastily, and afterwards regret that they had failed to see the light-acting Remington. It is the latest invention, and comes nearer to perfection than anything of the kind that has ever been offered to the public. Pay no attention to anything that anyone may say to you, who are interested in the sales of other machines. Full satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance. Money will be refunded to the purchaser. Our machines take on easy part. Machines sold on easy payments, monthly, if desired. Persons at a distance will find it to their advantage to send for Catalogue, and get our liberal terms of exchange. Some full description of our line that you wish to exchange.

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